

MANNINGTON NEWS

BY HARRY JONES,
Special Correspondent.

News items for the Mannington News should be given to Mr. Harry Jones or mailed to him at Box 51, Mannington, W. Va. Advertisements can be sent to Mr. Jones or direct to the West Virginian.

THE WEST VIRGINIAN WILL BE DELIVERED TO ANY HOME IN MANNINGTON EVERY EVENING, EXCEPT SUNDAY FOR 6 CENTS PER MONTHLY.

SMITH & MILLAN
NEWS DEALERS.

Dr. C. H. Lee was a business visitor in Fairmont yesterday.

Raymond Lyons of Clarksburg is visiting his father here for a few days.

Gump's Orchestra of Wheeling was registered at the Bartlett hotel yesterday. The orchestra is composed of A. J. Gump, and Alonzo Watson, of Wheeling; T. T. Seal, Frank M. Seal and Arthur Patterson of Bellaire, O., and Geo. Kaltenbach of Wheeling.

The old year will be bid adieu and the new year welcomed, at a number of watch parties being held tonight. The new year's is a marker of many social affairs held throughout the city in commemorating of its coming.

Donley Jones was a business visitor at Cameron yesterday.

C. H. Bonason of Wheeling was here yesterday.

Improvements are being made on the B. and O. crossing on Market St. This crossing has been the cause of much annoyance and has been repaired quite often in the last few months.

J. N. Flanagan of Glover Gap was a business visitor in this city yesterday.

Shas Showalter of Barracksville was here yesterday.

The B. and O. carpenters camp has been transferred from Bellaire, O., to this city and the camp is now located

ford was a visitor in Bar-

and Hardesty attended the dance given at the Fairmont club last night.

Messrs. A. Clark and H. T. McLehnd of Clarksburg were business visitors in this city yesterday.

Entertained Sunday School Class. At his home on Water St. last night Jesse Shimp entertained his Sunday School class at a holiday party. The class is composed of boys of the M. B. Sunday School, who are known in the church as the "Bell Ringers." Games were enjoyed throughout the evening and at a suitable hour a luncheon was served.

Mr. Chas. Wells of Glover Gap was a visitor here yesterday.

L. S. Schwenck was in Fairmont on business yesterday.

Mannington Event.

Mr. Fred W. Bartlett, proprietor of the Bartlett hotel, and Mrs. Bartlett entertained at a brilliant holiday dance Thursday night at the hotel. The event was complimentary to Miss Helen Brady of Berkeley Springs, W. Va., who is the guest of Mrs. Bartlett. Among fifty guests were in attendance.

The guests were Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Clayton, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Burt, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Koen, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Burt, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Koen, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fitzpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Clayton, Mrs. James McCormack, Miss Emma Bartlett, Dr. Phoebe Moore, Misses Mayme and Sarah McLaughlin, Lena and Lucy Prichard, Grace McCrae, Kay Meade, Margaret Furber, Edna Mason, Christine Morrison, Marion Shaw, Messrs. Chester Pritchard, Val Burt, Lawrence Beatty, John Ellis, Charles Kunst, James McCray, Frank Morgan, Phillip Pitzer, W. J. Crutts, all of Mannington; Mrs. James McCoy, of Fairmont; Miss Brady, of Berkeley Springs; Harry Lambrecht of Gratton; John Bradshaw of Fairmont. A buffet supper was served about midnight.

At Senneca. Mrs. Clyde Edgerton Hutchinson is entertaining at a large and elaborately appointed reception this afternoon at Senneca, honoring her daughter, Miss Bernice Lee Hutchinson, of Manbar, who with Mr. Hutchinson and daughter are spending the holidays here. Tonight a number of young people will be entertained at a dance at the Hutchinson home.

FOR RENT—Two unfurnished rooms for bookkeeping (modern). Call 12-3131.

DOBSON'S MILKMAID

By ERNEST M'GAFFEY.

Frank Dobson was stopping on the Flambeau river at French Pierre's. He was there for the bass fishing, and had been having good sport. The smallmouths were biting freely and he had taken the canoe and a guide down the river that morning early to reach some water where the guide promised some big fellows. At a bend in the stream the guide paddled in closer to shore and pointed to a strip of smooth water below a stretch of swift-flowing riffles. "We'll get some of 'em right there," he said, pointing to the place. A big rock jutting out of the water was reached and the guide held the boat up to a rift in the rock while Dobson hooked on a minnow and cast out into the still water. A "strike" followed almost immediately, the bass running far out and down stream and then, darting swiftly back, left the water and showed above the surface, bright in the morning light. The angler kept a taut line on the fish, however, and met all of his rushes with the steady skill that spoke of long practise at the art. Fish after fish was brought to the landing net, until the canoe held nine good-sized bass.

Then Dobson cried quits and the canoe was turned in to the shore and in a few minutes the two men were stretched on the bank enjoying their pipes. The guide, who had been up nearly all night before at a dance, announced his intention of taking a nap before they cooked dinner, and Dobson, taking a light 22-caliber rifle which they had brought along, sauntered down the river, promising to be back in an hour or so. He turned another bend in the river and left the guide stretched out and already sleeping, so complete was his exhaustion from the festivities of the previous night.

After walking for a mile or so down stream Dobson came to where a lodge had been built a little ways back from shore. It was a picturesque log affair and he was much interested in its cozy appearance until aroused from his conjectures by another picture even more pleasing, almost at his elbow. A sleek Jersey cow munching something from a wooden bucket was the first thing he noticed; and then the prettiest girl he



Took Long Walks Together.

had ever seen, milking the cow, was the next and most important part of the picture. Dobson lifted his wide-brimmed hat politely. "I beg your pardon," he said, melodiously, "is this Jackson's cottage?" The girl scanned him critically as she said: "This is Meredith's place." "Oh, yes, Meredith's," replied Dobson amiably. "I knew it belonged to some one and Jackson was the first name that came into my head." The young lady smiled at his impudence and was about to turn to her milking when Dobson said, humbly: "I certainly don't wish to appear importunate but how on earth did this Jersey cow happen to be introduced into this landscape? Why this elaborate cottage and such a milkmaid? Why it's like a comic opera scene and I would give a dollar for a drink of milk right now."

The young lady looked at him again very sharply and then said: "I see by the scar on your right cheek that you are Frank Dobson."

"Dobson?" he said instinctively went up to his face. It was an old scar and a deep one. He had fallen from a tree when he was a boy and the mark had staid with him.

He bowed and said: "You are acquainted with some of my friends; that is my name."

"Yes," replied the distracting milkmaid, calmly, "she said I might meet a man up here with a scar on his cheek who would not be backward in conversation."

Dobson felt the rebuke. "I acknowledge the description," he said, "but the trees and the river are singularly reticent," and as the milkmaid smiled again he said: "I am a rustic, I'm afraid, will you not let me finish the milk?"

How he thanked his lucky stars that he could milk a cow. It wasn't a very polite accomplishment, but he was glad that he was an expert at it. The milking was soon finished, as he ap-

FUNERAL TOMORROW.

Funeral services over the remains of Mr. Peter Brennan, whose death occurred yesterday will be held on Friday morning at 9 o'clock at St. Peter's Catholic church. Interment will be made in Holy Cross cemetery

plied himself exclusively to it without attempting to carry on any conversation while it lasted. At the end of his task the girl remarked: "You may as well bring it up to the house. There is a dinner there and you can have a dipperful for your labor." Dobson dutifully picked up the bucket and the stool and followed on to the lodge. Arriving there he was ushered in and the milkmaid disappeared. In a few minutes she returned and brought with her two persons. One was a man, who grabbed Dobson by the hand with a "Hello, Frank, old man, didn't expect to see me here, did you?" It was his friend, Meredith Bond. His wife, who had been a chum of Dobson's sister, was the "she" of whom the milkmaid had spoken a few minutes before. The milkmaid herself was Miss Mildred Wyatt, quite the most fetching dream of femininity that the young man had ever seen.

Bond immediately insisted on Dobson's changing his quarters from French Pierre's to the lodge, and Dobson tramped back to the canoe and fixed it up with the guide. He astonished that party with a most liberal tip and brought the bass back to the lodge. The guide went back for his traps and in another day he was safely housed at Meredith's.

But the fishing languished. Bond, who was a keen fisherman, complained to his wife that Frank was neglecting the sport. His wife, aware of the attraction, simply smiled and shrugged her shoulders. Dobson and the milkmaid took long walks together and at night she sat at the piano and played to his singing. He had a very rich baritone voice and it was pleasant there in the twilight to listen to their music. At times he took her on the river and taught her to "cast" for bass, and amused her by naming the birds and trees for her and teaching her some of the wonderful lore of nature. It was getting to be a very serious matter. Mrs. Bond took Mildred to task about it one morning.

"Look here, Mildred," said her friend, "this must not go on any longer. The man is desperately in love with you. It was always said that Frank Dobson would never fall in love, but I know what he means, and it isn't fair to let him go on in this way. I really am sorry for him. He doesn't know that you are engaged and every day only makes matters worse." The milkmaid smiled encouragingly. "If it is as bad as that I will tell him some day about my engagement," was her reply. "Besides, he may only be amusing himself with a backwoods idyl."

"You ought not to say that, Mildred," was Mrs. Bond's reply. "He is a good fellow, and Bob's friend as well as mine."

The next day the sun shone down gloriously on the glittering Flambeau. A kingfisher scalloped along the river with his harsh, challenging cry, and overhead, far up, an eagle sailed. The splash of a leaping fish here and there scattered a spray of silver beads on the surface of the water, and a few faint clouds swung low on the far-off horizon.

Dobson and the milkmaid were seated on the bank of the stream and engaged in earnest conversation. He had told her that she was the one woman in the world and she had informed him that she was already the wife-to-be of another man. The deep scar on his right cheek turned white.

"Well, in that case," he said, "of course the other fellow isn't here to make his talk, and I haven't got a word to say." "But why don't you reproach me for not telling you of this before?" the girl said. "Reproach you," was the man's reply. "Why, I wouldn't have missed the privilege of loving you for twenty years out of my life."

She put her hand tenderly on his scarred face. "I love you," she stammered. "I—I am going to break my engagement. He is old enough to be my father. It was an idea of loyalty to my father. I am going to be loyal to you; to myself."

And that is how it came to be heralded abroad that Dobson, the gay, the debonair, the handsome, the cultured and fastidious, had married a milkmaid.

Japanese Festival.

In Japan no notice is taken of the actual anniversary of a birth, but every one adds a year to his or her age on the Setsubun, a movable festival which occurs either late in January or at the beginning of February. Thus a child is said to be a year old that is in its first year, directly it is born, and on the following Setsubun it will be two, although, in fact, it may be only a few days old. The feast is not kept in any marked manner, except that skamashi (rice boiled with small red beans which give it a red color) is eaten, and in the evening parched beans are scattered about the room from a square rice measure, to the cry, "Fuku ga ouchi. Oni ga soto!"—"Good fortune within. Out with the demons!" Everyone is supposed to eat the number of beans corresponding with his age and one over, for luck. Friends and acquaintances also congratulate each other with words of good omen and good fortune.

Astonished the Bishop.

Doctor Gore, the bishop of Oxford, is endowed with a keen sense of humor, and is rather fond of telling the story of how, at one discommodious examination of the various critics mentioned in the "Bible," from which the church pays to be delivered. Judge of the examiner's astonishment when, instead of the answer, "False doctrine, heresy, and schism," he read the words, "Bishops, priests and deacons."

by Undertaker Musgrave.

Mr. and Mrs. Luke Robertson, who had spent the holidays here with relatives, have returned to Wheeling. Mrs. Robertson is now in Pittsburgh the guest of the Misses Miller.

The Cankering Fumes

(Continued from Page One.)

for an election officer disclosing the name of any candidate for whom any elector voted. But this does not prevent the same official from walking out of the election room and telling the paymaster on the outside "this man voted right, pay him." What the election law should provide is that no election officer be permitted to go on the outside, and that the election rooms should be screened to prevent officials from making any signal to a worker on the outside disclosing the fact that the voter voted "right." Booths are provided to insure the secrecy of the ballot, and that is a good idea. What we need is to make the voting places also absolutely secret and permit sufficient watchers from all political parties, or representatives of any question to be voted upon that is not political, to go inside to watch the casting and counting of the votes.

The law provides for a sixty foot limit at the polls inside of which the voters or workers are not permitted to congregate. This law was violated in any number of precincts in this city. The corridor of the court house was full of people all day during the election, and where voting places were on the streets workers stood outside and looked into the windows.

To say that these practices cannot be prevented is to acknowledge the weakness of the people and the futility of making laws. Every one of these practices can be broken up when the people want them to end. When an election challenger is permitted to go in and out of the election room to contract with the floaters to vote, when he comes in and sees that he votes right, and when he can go outside and pay him with money that is flaunted in the face of the opposition, matters political are certainly coming to a pretty pass. Establish a 100 foot limit, mark these limits and make it a penalty for any election officer to go outside of the election room unless it is absolutely necessary for him to do so, screen the polling places and compel all voters to go into their booths alone to fill out their ballots, and these things will not be complained of in the future. Most of these precautions are provided in the Ohio election laws. No voter can call a clerk in Ohio to fill out his ballot unless he is physically disabled from blindness, paralysis, old age or some other physical disability apparent to the commissioners, and no other provisions are made for clerks to fill out the ballots of any voter.

The way bribery is made sure is to have a clerk, and this is done, who will disclose the way the voter votes. A "floater" comes into the election room and insists that he must have help to fill out his ticket. It is not because he needs such help, but this is done to make sure that no money is paid out unless the "goods are delivered." The Wheeling Register said a short time ago that any Democratic who would pay a colored voter to vote the Democratic ticket was a fool, or something to that effect, as they could not be trusted to vote the ticket if they would sell their votes. The Register showed crass ignorance of the well developed Marion county sure-thing plan. The buying of colored votes, or any vote in Fairmont by the Democratic corruptionists is made as easy and as sure as paying for your dinner after you have eaten it. They take no chances and lose no money nor votes.

The new charter for the City of Fairmont will provide against all of these abuses. It will make bribery impossible. It will, as the Register seems to believe, make it dangerous business to pay "floaters" for their vote and trust them to vote the way they are paid to vote.

It provides all these safeguards and will insure a fair election, a honest count, and prevent the use of enormous slush funds to corrupt the elections and blacken the name of the city to all the world. If these things are desirable the people can and will get them.

Can anybody who wants a fair election object to any single one of these provisions?

Does any one who does not want to buy votes care what precaution there is made to prevent their purchase?

Does anybody who does not want to sell his vote care how stringent the law is made against the sale of votes?

Does anybody who wants a fair count care how many watchers there may be on the inside of the polling places?

Does anybody who does not want to engage in any of these practices care if the law is made so plain and simple, yet so strong, in its provisions as to prevent any and all of these things?

We do not believe that ten per cent of the people of Fairmont will object to such provisions.

We do not believe that any opposition will dare come out in the open to fight such provisions. They will be opposed, it is true, and that most vigorously, but by whom? By those who are guilty of such practices. They will not openly fight them, but they will oppose any such move on some flimsy pretext.

It is a damnable outrage that the practices herein enumerated are permitted to be repeated in this county from year to year. The reason, and only reason, we see why they are is that the large majority of the people do not know that such conditions exist, and they think too often that they are only idle campaign charges, and are therefore often discredited. There is no campaign on now and this is the time to give unbiased and serious, sober consideration to these matters. We appeal to the honest Democracy and the members of the Republican party and all other parties to get honestly, fearlessly and vigorously behind a movement that will soon be made to correct these outrageous practices that are seething with the slime of corruption and cankering with the infamous fumes of a hellish, continuous conspiracy to defraud the people of their right of suffrage.

Men of Fairmont, it is your duty to rise and assert your rights. It is your duty to protect the good name of your city and county. It is your duty to see that the coming generation of young men are not brought up in an environment that teaches that these practices are honorable and right. It is time for action. We have presented these facts time after time. We have the evidence to prove them to the satisfaction of any fair minded man.

Nothing will do more to correct these abuses than a healthy public sentiment.

L. M. DAVIS.

It is a singular coincidence that the Terre Haute election frauds were committed in Marion county, Indiana.

"The Busy Store"

UNITED SHOE STORES COMPANY

219 Madison St.

Clean-Up Sale of Christmas Slippers with a good assortment to select from.

... All Winter Footwear Wonderfully Reduced.

Women's \$2.00 Julietts and Comfy Slippers 98c

Women's \$1.25 Felt Slippers, Fur and Ribbon trimmed; all colors 89c

Children's \$1 Felt Slippers, Fur trimmed, leather soles 69c

INDIAN MOCCASINS.

Misses' and Children's \$1.25 value 89c

Women's \$1.50 value 98c

Men's \$2.00 value \$1.25

Children's Rubber Boots with fancy red tops, \$2 value \$1.48

LADIES' FAWN TOP

GAITER BOOTS

Come in patent or kid vamps and Kidney heels, regular \$4.00 value \$2.48

NEWEST CREATION IN

MEN'S SHOES

Come in patent and dull leather with gray tops. English last, button and lace models, \$5.00 value \$2.95

FREE

A Box of Delicious Candy with each Purchase.

LADIES' DRESS SHOES.

Ladies \$3.00 shoes come in tan, patent, vici and gun metal leather, cloth or kid tops, Kidney, Cuban or low heels \$1.95

Men's \$2.00 Slippers, Opera, Romeo and Everett styles; in tan or black \$1.25

Men's \$1.50 Slippers, Romeo and Everett styles 89c

Children's 75c Felt Slippers in red and blue with felt soles 39c

Men's and Women's 75c Felt Slippers 39c

Men's 75c imitation Alligator Slippers, tan and black 49c

Men's Rubber Boots, \$4.00 value \$2.69

MEN'S DRESS AND WORK SHOES.

Tan or Black, button or lace styles, regular \$3 value \$1.95

An unusual offer of Boys school shoes, come in button or lace, real \$1.50 values 98c

MISSIES' SCHOOL & DRESS SHOES

Patent and dull leather, cloth or kid tops, button or lace styles, \$2.00 values \$1.48

Truck Makes Test Run.

Another test run with the new fire truck was made this afternoon. The run was to the east side of the river.

Yesterday an alarm was sent in from Tenth street and Virginia avenue. Within four minutes after the call was sent in the hose from the fire truck was playing on the blaze.

MOVE SUBSTATION TO BARACKVILLE

The Monongahela Valley Traction Company moved its portable substation from Clarksburg to Barrackville Thursday, where it was placed. The big power producer was brought down for the purpose of hauling the twenty thousand ton of stone that will be distributed from Quincy street down Jackson street out Locust avenue and the county road to Fleming's Chapel. From Quincy street down Main street out Fairmont avenue to Twelfth street and from Main street down Parks avenue to the river bridge.

It is the intention of starting the distribution of the stone next week. It will require some time to complete the task. Already much of the brick to be used in the construction of Fairmont avenue has piled up along the avenue. The construction of the streets will be started as soon as the weather conditions will permit.

Violates Traffic Ordinance.

Mayor Bowen is vigorously enforcing the traffic ordinance in regard to street car when it has stopped to take on or discharge passengers. A prominent man was brought before his honor this morning charged with this offense. He was given the fine usually imposed.

Mr. Charles Dana, of Marietta, O.

and Mr. Rufus Dawes, of Evanston, Ill., are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Morton Black. Messrs. Dana and Dawes are cousins of Mrs. Black.

Less Meat if Back

And Kidneys Hurt

TAKE A GLASS OF SALTS TO FLUSH KIDNEYS IF BLADDER BOTHERS YOU.

Eating meat regularly eventually duces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush charged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.

Experience seems to help everyone but bigamists and cat food eaters.

The most useless things in the world are an old corset and a man who thinks he is handsome.

"Woman's Rights" used to be the slogan, but all you hear lately is "Woman's Wrong."

A woman never stops to figure out why Nature gave her two ears and only one mouth.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA